

The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me thy ponyard, you shal know my boyes
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:

This minion stood vpon her chastity,

Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.

And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,

And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,

Drag hence her husband to some secrethole,

And make his dead trunke pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,

Let not this waspe out-lie vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure.

Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,

Thar nice preserved honestie of yours.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavinia. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory

To see her teares, but be your hart to them

As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lavinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam

O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee.

The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,

Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,

Yt euery Mother breeds not sonnes alike,

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

(bastard

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a

Lavinia. Tis true, the Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,

Yer haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,

The Lion moued with pittie, did indure

To haue his princely pawes parde all away.

Some

of Titus Andronicus

Some say that Rauens foster forlorne

The whilst their owne birds famish

Oh beto methough thy hard hart

Nothing so kinde but something p

Tamora. I know not what it me

Lavinia. Oh let me teach thee fo

That gaue thee life when well he mi

Be not obdurate, open thy deafe ea

Tamora. Hadst thou in person ne

Euen for his sake am I pittlesse.

Remember boyes I powrd forth tea

To saue your brother from the sacri

But fierce *Andronicus* would not rel

Therefore away with her, and vse h

The worse to her, the better lou'd

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora* be call'd a g

And with thine owne hands kill me

Fortis not life that I haue begd so lo

Poore I was slaine when *Bassianus* d

Tamora. What Begst thou then? f

Lavinia. Tis present death I beg,

That womanhood denies my tong

Oh keepe me from their worse ther

And tumble me into some loathsom

Where neuer mans eye may behol

Doethis and be a charitable murde

Tamora. So should I rob my swee

No, let them satisfie their lust on the

Demet. Away, for thou hast staid

Lavinia. No grace, no womanho

The blot and enemy to our generall

Confusion fall—

Chiron. Nay then Ile stop your n

This is the hole where *Aron* bid vs hi